

Breakfast had just been cleared away, and the little sitting-room was bright and cheerful in the yellow flood of the June sunshine. There were pots of purple in the window, and books piled on the table, and close beside the fire Mrs. Haven had seated herself to write some letters.

She was a trim, compact little woman, with dark, brown hair and eyes to match, and a frank, resolute mouth, that somehow carried out the expression of a nose that French haven called "retroined." Many Haven had a character that one might see at a distance.

As she sat there selecting the pen and uncrossing the silver top of her inkstand, the door softly opened, and a round, full-faced person entered.

"Mrs. Haven, have you time?" "Yes," said Mrs. Haven, describing at once by the livid pallor of a woman's ear the rising thunder storm in the domestic atmosphere below.

"What is it, cook?"

"It's not that you are not a kind mistress, said the cook, twisting the hem of her checkered apron, "and the wages is good, not to say company is allowed once a week, and the Sunday evening always ours; but there are some things feel and blood cannot stand no more, and I hain't no patience with such dengs, and if you please, suit yourself at a month's warning."

"Why, cook, what's the matter?"

"Some can abide needling with me, some can't; and if the barrel of mackerel sets in the wrong corner, and the sugar box didn't cover properly, it's the mistress should tell me of it, not the master; and if Mr. Haven wants to be cook, need not be good; but I won't stay in the same kitchen."

And the cook marched out, maledicting her apron, having had her say.

Mrs. Haven flushed red, she drew and drew down to the cellar, where her husband, in his coat, was endeavoring to move a large washing-machine.

"You see, Bridget," he called out, "this is the worst possible place this thing could stand in, and—why, Mary, is it you?"

"Yes, it is I," said Mrs. Haven, "I thought you had gone to the office, Heavy?"

"I am going, presently," said Mr. Haven. "But you see, Mary, everything down here is at sixes and sevens. It's well I come down here occasionally. Cook has no more economy than a wild savage, and Bridget puts everything where it shouldn't be. My dear, have you looked over the grocer's bill for the past month?"

"No, I haven't," said Mrs. Haven.

"Well, it's quite alarming. There is a leak somewhere, and that reminds me—the molasses keg is dripping at the rate of half a pint a day."

"I'll see to it," she said.

"But you don't see to it, my dear. I found a box of stale eggs on the top shelf—eggs, my dear, that are completely wasted, when eggs are five cents apiece."

Mrs. Haven turned and went upstairs again with a round red glow on either cheek, signal proofs of the disturbance within. She was not a faultless angel any more than other women are, and she walked up and down the room, her hands behind her, her brown eyes glittering with an anxious sparkle.

"Mary, have you seen my memorandum book?" asked her husband, while he pulled on his gloves.

"No, I haven't," said Mary, "probably you will find it in the pantry shelf, or under Bridget's machine," answered Mary, shortly.

"Now, you are out of temper," said Mr. Haven, good-humoredly, "and how very unreasonable that is, you know."

"Henry," said Mrs. Haven, appealingly, laying her hand on his shoulder, and looking into his face, "you don't know how it aches and mortifies me to have you interfere like this with my household affairs."

"Yes, Henry Haven has his department, and his wife ought to have hers."

"That's all nonsense, my love."

"Henry, you will oblige me by leaving the domestic concerns to my own management."

"I would do much to oblige you, dear Mary, but I shall not concede to that point," he said, as he took his departure leaving Mrs. Haven very indignant and meditative.

Bridget's voice broke forth with Cela's accent upon her reverie.

"Please, Fum, I found this little black book behind the four barrel."

"Thank you, Bridget; it is Mr. Haven's bridge newspaper."

The column of verse that day was full of closely written musical notes.

"See, Kartwin, and Dabul about the house in Twelfth street, and do not let them have it for \$1200. Call at Mr. Allister's, and under the green oil cloth, instead of the half one for the office floor. Tell Martin to proceed at once with the suit of Russell & Russell. Remind clerk not to settle tailor's bill—alteration to be made first. Go halves with Jordan in lot opposite Central Park." Thus indefinitely.

Mary Haven read the words without

much interest, but presently her eyes brightened, and a roguish suspicion of a smile began to twinkle around her resolute lip.

"I am very glad I found this mean, brazen book," she thought. "Let me see—Henry told me he was going to Brooklyn that morning, so there will be plenty of time."

She placed at her watch and rang the bell.

"Bridget, you will step around to the corner and tell them to send a carriage for me immediately."

Her bonnet and shawl were on long before the vehicle arrived, and placed the surplus time to fitting down various addresses from the directory.

When the carriage arrived, she took her seat with the self-possession of a queen.

Drive to Kartwin & Daley's, 533

Mr. Kartwin came to the office door, a drowsing, fussy lawyer, much astonished at the appearance of a pretty woman in the drizzling thunder storm in the domestic atmosphere below.

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Mrs. Haven turned and went upstairs again with a round red glow on either cheek, signal proofs of the disturbance within.

"About a hour subsequently, Mr. Haven entered into the establishment of Kartwin & Daley.

"About that Twelfth street lease, Mr. Kartwin?"

"Yes, sir," said the lawyer, rubbing his hands. "A thousand dollars is a very fair price, and I don't object giving it."

"Who has been talking about a thousand dollars?" demanded the puzzled Haven. "I don't mean to let you have it a cent short of \$1,500."

The lawyer looked amazed.

"Mrs. Haven is here this morning, and informed me that it was her property, and I could have it for \$1,000."

"Mrs. Haven," echoed the astonished husband, "but, really, this is quite singular."

"This," said Mr. Woodward, "is a valuable accomplishment for a bank president or a railroad official; for he who can write his name twice while another is writing it once deserves three dollars a week or double remuneration."

a capital investment."

Mr. Jordan was standing whistling in front of his gate with both hands in his pockets. He looked up at Mr. Haven enviously.

"Old, old fellow?"

"We are to clear up that business about the Central Park lot—I don't think I can do any better," said Haven. "Your decision comes too late. I have signed over to Smith & Parker half an hour ago," said Jordan shrugging his shoulders.

"By whose authority?"

"Mrs. Haven's; she was here a little while, and told me that you would not take the half lot."

Mr. Haven took his pipe, this was the real estate office abruptly, and went straight to his own office.

But had he not been tolerably fair in his own number, he never would have recognized the room. Two men were on their knees diligently hawing down the hard oil cloth.

Jack, the office boy, had the stove turned around, so that it's iron bowl projected into one's face, as if it would have said, "Take my arm!" And Mrs. Haven sat at her desk sorting and arranging manuscripts with diligence.

Mrs. Haven looked up.

"Yes, dear; Jones & Jones belong on the right hand pile. Really, having the confusions of these papers is appalling."

"Confusion, indeed? I tell you they are in the most perfect order, or rather, they were before you got hold of them. Where were my law books?"

"Oh, I put them in the closet; the leather was very dingy, and the directions and hand book look so much brighter."

"Many are you insane?" It is so rare for a woman to be user her husband's place?"

"We are a firm, my dear; at least we are so from this morning—Henry Haven & wife—therefore our interests are identical."

"Yes, but."

"Consequently," went on Mary, mimicking her husband's rather pompous voice of the morning, "I shall claim the privilege of interfering whenever I deem it advisable."

Mr. Haven looked frowningly at his wife, but the wrinkles vanished off his forehead at the smiling sunshine of Mary's eyes.

"My dear," said he, "it is rather to transact any more business today, to have home together home?"

And Mr. Haven must have left his "interference" principals at the office, for Mary saw any more of them. Neither husband nor wife ever alluded to the subject again; Mrs. Haven was cured of his own bad habit. Many a single stricture was worth a thousand remonstrances.

Ambidexterity.

A person who has the equal use of both hands is called ambidextrous as though possessed of two dexter or right hands. A man in New York is remarkable for this instance, and he claims that it is not a born gift, but an acquirement within the power of any person. Recently he lectured upon the subject, and began his illustration by showing on the blackboard what he called the best test of ambidexterity, the writing of signatures. He wrote the name "John" with both hands at once, backward and forward, right side up and side down, and in half a dozen different ways.

"By asking too much, may I say, the kidney-wort takes away the constipation," said the cook, who was full of sympathy with the poor and the children, showing that poverty had not killed the better feelings of the parents.

Three years ago a lady is a neighboring town, who had children of her own, indeed a little girl for a week's visit. Becoming very interested in her guest, she was induced to visit the child's widowed mother, who was an inmate of Dr. Callis' home for orphans. Her case was pronounced hopeless, and her only wish was to find a home for her little children, little Annie and her two brothers, the oldest a cripple.

"By asking too much, may I say, the kidney-wort takes away the constipation," said the cook, who was full of sympathy with the poor and the children, showing that poverty had not killed the better feelings of the parents.

"The kidney-wort," said the cook, "is a valuable accomplishment for a bank president or a railroad official; for he who can write his name twice while another is writing it once deserves three dollars a week or double remuneration."

"This," said Mr. Woodward, "is a valuable accomplishment for a bank president or a railroad official; for he who can write his name twice while another is writing it once deserves three dollars a week or double remuneration."

"I don't know whether it is, or not," replied the lawyer, stiffly. "I know that I spoke before witnesses, and the house is undeniably hers."

Mr. Haven retreated from the field, without a word, and the door closed.

At the door of the carpet store, Mr. Allister met him.

"It's all right, sir, the oil-cloth is half-way down by this time."

"Which oil-cloth?"

"The half oil-cloth, Mrs. Haven was here and ordered it some time ago."

"The mischief she did!"

"I hope there's no mistake," said the dealer, anxiously.

"No, no," retorted Mrs. Haven.

"I am very glad I found this mean, brazen book," she thought. "Let me see—Henry told me he was going to Brooklyn that morning, so there will be plenty of time."

She placed at her watch and rang the bell.

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SOUTH SCITUATE.

Most every one is having, and broad rimmed hats are at a premium.

I tell you what that butcher worth of Bro. Jonathan's is an article display.

A large number of mechanics are working on the Fourth Cliff improvements.

Have you heard the latest rumors. We are to have a Barber shop on the Hill. Why not?

The cool refreshing rain has made the gardens look nicely, everything was getting very dry.

Charlie Tilden is as happy as can be with his new hammer which his friends were bound he should have.

If any person wishes to see a handsome piece of wall laying they can see the same by taking a drive by the estate of Henry Norwell, Esq.

Men never were more scarce than at present. Unless help has been engaged some time ago, it is impossible to obtain extra help now.

J. C. Nash has appeared with his wagon handsomely painted and lettered. He has also had a new door laid in his store and a new counter. Samuel Turner did the carpenter work.

Mr. Geo. S. Mann, wife and two children have arrived at E.A. Turner's "Cottage" on the Hill. Mr. M. is from Columbus Ave. and boarding here for the summer. Also a gentleman from New York has taken board at the same place.

We notice that Mr. W. O. Merritt, landlord of the Fourth Cliff House, has secured for the conveyance of the patrons of his house a very neat and tasty coach which occasionally appears on our streets.

Ex Senator Fogg has just completed a contract to build a house. It is one story high, pitched roof, with a handsome arched front door. We haven't heard that he has obtained one of those patent ventilators. They work tip-top.

The South Scituate Band desire through the columns of this paper to thank all of their many earnest friends for their able assistance previous to, and during their late fair and sincerely appreciate their uniting efforts to make the fair the success which it proved to be. David Henry, Standard Leader.

A gentleman on River Street lately broke a needle in his hand which caused him great pain and much anxiety, fortunately Dr. Sylvester passed that way and was called in, and after several ineffectual attempts succeeded in extracting the needle. The patient is doing nicely. Dr. S. is also quite an expert in the tonsorial art.

Miss Mattie Torrey lately held a fair, in the grove back of her fathers residence, to which a cordial invitation was extended to her school-mates. The admittance fee was five pins, and the usual plans for obtaining the where-with-all to run the fair were carried out in this case. Guess cakes, fancy articles etc., to a large amount were on exhibition and for sale. The fair was well attended. About a thousand pins were obtained.

We have got them here! Mrs. Frank Dyer was, at a late hour Friday night, attending her child who was sick, when she heard foot steps about the premises, she immediately notified her husband and upon looking out, he discovered two men lurking about his barn and looking toward the house. Frank let drive at them with his revolver and drove them off the place.

Poli up your musket and double lock your doors, for the burglars are getting quite near. They have gathered in a pretty good harvest over in Marshfield.

Now for our nobby new school house on the Hill we don't want any of your one horse affairs, and we venture to guess the committee in charge intend to show folks that they can have a good job done. We hope by the time the next issue appears we can say they have started work. While they are at it and every thing is in good running order the Selectmen had better have the workmen just run across the street and start on the Town hall.

SCITUATE CENTRE.

Mrs. Walter Damon has moved his Weymouth.

Mrs. Jamie Stone spent the Fourth with her father, Mr. Geo. Eliot.

Mr. Geo. Merritt and family are spending a few days in their house on Main Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Royal Freeman and Mr. Elwin Leloi are visiting Mr. Benj. Brown.

Mr. Chas. Leroy and family of W. L. Hammond, proprietor, Mr. G. T. Barker and family, and Miss Charlotte Nowell.

The floral concert given by the Unitarian Sunday School last Sunday was very interesting. Twelve young misses of the school taking part. The altar was trimmed with flowers and evergreen, making a very attractive display. This is the same concert which was given at Cohasset on Sunday, June 25.

The strawberry festival in aid of the Fair View Cemetery, held in Jenkins Hall June 21, was well attended. The first of the evening was devoted to a miscellaneous programme after which the audience seated themselves at the table and were served with ice cream and strawberries. The proceeds of the festival were about twenty dollars.

Curious Picture.

Mr. Editor.

The picture mentioned in last week's paper has quite a history and may be uninteresting to those who take an interest in the old Indian tribes that lived and flourished many years ago in the far west.

This picture which is upon a board 12x15 inches was painted by one of the old Spanish missionaries and placed in the Pecos church which was built in 1648.

The "Pecos" were Pueblo or Village Indians in New Mexico whose early history is lost in the time past and whose numbers gradually decreased until only seven men remained and they left their village which was crumbling to ruins and joined the Jemez.

They had a tradition that a subject swallowed all but them - but they are all full of tritiation, so we may believe that the decline of the Pecos tribe was due to other causes.

This picture was taken by Augustine Pecos one of the seven men whom they left in old Pecos village, and was kept by him till recently when it fell into the hands of the merchant at Santa Fe of whom I bought it.

It is called "Maria Santisima y el Nino Jesus" - Saint Mary and the infant Jesus.

As a relic curiosity it is well worth seeing, and is its own witness to its antiquity and genuineness. H. A. S.

Road Courtesy.

Probably the most conspicuous, indeed as far as we know, the only note worthy offence against public opinion in Scituate is on the part of drivers.

We include the kind of impoliteness that is peculiar to Scituate. Those who drive in our streets seem to act on the principle that pedestrians have no rights which chariots are bound to respect.

Instead of having the grace to give a small portion of the road to foot-passengers, they even seem to be drawn as near the travellers as possible like Sinbad to the magnetic mountain. We have frequently observed that while a wide margin of some yards is on the other side of the carriage, the wheels almost graze those who are on foot. The only safety seems in plunging into the bushes or in climbing over the wall. It may be questioned whether even then, the pedestrian should consider himself out of the way of the patrician riders. Now a man can cope with this, and if he thought success could secure a fair share of the road, such movements would be condoned, or make him turn out - or he can control his own nerves and submit. But what group of women or children can, well a running steed and carriage driven so near them as to make them fear of being demolished, and make them shrink in terror into the roadside brambles? All this takes place not from some nescient minded lovers too self-absorbed not to notice any one else, but from drivers who clearly see the pedestrians ahead are presumed to be able to measure with the eye the width of the road, yet wise drive straight on, reckless and regardless.

What is the remedy? Considerateness. While pedestrians should sometimes in their turn be considerate of turning out of deep nests, the driver should always consider the pedestrian's right to use the road. Let him make it a rule: "In passing or in passing pedestrians let the driver turn to his left to a safe room for one or two to walk along side, without being crowded into the ditch."

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